



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**PRAISE FOR RED CROSS
AND LESLIE KING**

We desire to add to our mention last week of the death of "Babe," the girl who was brought up from a coast canyon two months ago to live her last days in the sunshine of Carmel, an expression of the credit due the Carmel Red Cross chapter, and especially and personally, Miss P. Leslie King, its secretary, for the care and comfort and constant attention they gave to the sufferer. While the Red Cross was aided financially in the material care it gave to the girl, particularly by Mrs. Harold L. Mack, there were added to this the sympathy and understanding and personal ministrations of Miss King. For ourselves and for you who took an interest and helped, we wish to express gratitude to the Red Cross and to Miss King.

**COLUMNS ARE OPEN FOR
ANYTHING ON SANITARY
BOARD'S PRESENT PLAN**

Elsewhere in this issue we have endeavored to look the sewage disposal plant plan, as adopted by the sanitary board, straight in the face. We will, beginning next week, have something to say about the separate and distinct features. That is, we will re-endeavor to clarify the situation, make it as explicable as possible. We will, to begin with, give the board's answer to the charges that the proposed plant would pollute the Carmel River; that it would be destroyed, or seriously damaged, by flood waters from the river; that it would not meet demands made on it in the future by reason of the growth of the community.

In the meantime, or while we are endeavoring to do this, we want it expressly understood that the columns of THE CYMBAL are open to anyone, on either side of the question. Those who oppose the board's plan may feel that they may use THE CYMBAL as their mouthpiece should they so desire. We have no intention of stifling opposition. We have had, and will have, our say, but THE CYMBAL is not only for our say, but for yours, also.

**YOU GO UP AND SEE WHAT
THESE PEOPLE ARE ABOUT**

Every once in a while we receive through the mail, presumably as material for a publicity notice, a little pink folder which notifies us of the reappearance in Carmel of the "Mighty 'I Am' Presence." One came this week, and always willing to be thoughtful and considerate in matters such as this, we quote here-with the words as printed on the cover of the folder:

"The Ascended Masters' Instructions on the Mighty 'I Am' Presence, as given forth by the accredited Messengers, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ballard and son, Donald. Presented by Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Gallagher, assistants to the Messengers. Information concerning the Ascended Masters' use of the Great Creative Word 'I Am.' Carmel, California, 'I Am' Reading Room, Ocean avenue and Mission street, above Post Office, Tuesday to Sunday, Jan. 18 to 23 (Incl.), 8 p.m., except Sundays, at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. For information contact Mrs. Alta Overhulse, Box 1095, Phone Carmel 1135."

Opening the folder we find on
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CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 8 • No. 2

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JANUARY 14, 1938

5 CENTS

WEAK COUNCIL CANDIDATE TIMBER

Board's Disposal Plant Plan Opposed

NONE WHO COULD BE OF VALUE TO THE CITY SEEMS READY AND WILLING TO SERVE IT

With C. W. Lee, chairman of the Carmel chapter of the Red Cross definitely refusing to be a candidate; Joseph A. Burge as definitely stating that he will be, and Councilman Bernard Rowntree declaring that he has not yet decided, the line-up of aspirants for the expiring positions of Burge, Rowntree and James H. Thoburn on the city council doesn't appear to be taking any form that might arouse either excitement or enthusiasm.

There have been for the past few months, especially since the abortive recall movement, reports, rumors, conjectures and hopes running up and down Ocean avenue as to who might run, who might be elected, who might be induced to run, and whether or not Burge and Rowntree would seek to stay on the council, or Jim Thoburn change his mind about not staying on.

There have been reports that John Jordan wants to get back into the machinery of municipal affairs. To queries John pulls his evasion stop. He wants to know what you think about it, but, as usual, pretends not to be at all affected one way or the other by what you think about it. It is generally accepted by those who know John well that he would like to get back on the council, but it is also generally accepted that he doesn't know himself whether he will try it or not next April.

As for John Catlin, the situation is just about the same. John doesn't like what the voters did to him last election. He quite sincerely feels that it was an expression of ingratitude on the part of the voters when, as a matter of fact, his work was such that he should have been given the thanks of a re-election. But Catlin's deal in the matter of

the police department stands against him with a large number of people. Actually, this reaction on the part of the people has been growing instead of lessening, and it is the opinion of Ocean avenue that he couldn't be elected, even with the defeat of Burge or Rowntree as a bait.

With these names and considerations out of the way, the situation isn't at all promising. Men who would probably make good councilmen will not consider the proposition. They have their livings to earn and they have quite a justifiable feeling that the hours they give to that cannot be safely shortened by the sincere service they would want to give if they took the job.

You can look over the telephone book, or the voters' register and check here and there the names of most desirable men and women; citizens who would make a good, earnest and efficient addition to the present city council. But getting them to do it is something quite else again.

Trying to serve and serving as Jim Thoburn has done; being on the up-and-up and frank about his municipal duties as he is with his business affairs; honestly meeting opposition and endeavoring honestly to beat it down—these are priceless attributes in a public official. You don't often find them. When you do find them you find also the public official who discovers that he is devoting too much energy and too many hours to the city's business to the detriment of his own—and he quits. In order to get good public officials you have to find men and women who will, for a time at least, put their private business behind their public service.

man, and are Carmel Sea Scouts.

The boys, with some 137 others, started out on a four months' cruise during which they will learn the fundamentals of engineering or deck training, as they elect. The cruise is part of a state-controlled, federal-aided three-year course in seamanship.

The itinerary of the ship is from here to Honolulu, to Acapulco, Mexico; Callao, Peru; Panama, up the coast of Central America and Mexico, arriving in Monterey May 8.

Carmel Boys On Long Cruise

Three Carmel boys went a-sailing out of Berkeley the other day and Kent Clark, Commander M. J. Peterson, Mrs. Dorothy Chapman and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clague went up to see them off.

Commander Peterson went up because he's interested in boys, Clark, Mrs. Chapman and the Clagues went up because the three boys bear the names of Kent Clark, Jr., Johnny Clague and Bill Chap-

A Word To Oppositionists

Opponents of the proposed plan for a sewage disposal plant on the so-called "island" near the mouth of the Carmel River were meeting last night at the city hall to discuss the matter.

To a member of this group yesterday afternoon, the editor of The Cymbal re-iterated the editorial

statement appearing in this issue—that we are ready and willing to open our columns to arguments both for and against the sanitary board's present proposal.

A query of one of the opponents, in the form of a letter to the editor, appears in this issue of The Cymbal.

Carmel Players To Go On Air Over KDON

And now it's over the air for the Carmel Players! They will have a half hour over KDON every week with John Eaton in charge. Last night some special equipment was brought to Pine Inn for auditions. It is hoped that Charlie Van Riper's class in playwriting will write the skits for the programs, and the other groups will present them. Incidentally, these workshop groups are growing rapidly. About 30 people were gathered for the Shakespeare meeting Monday night and as many for the group of playwrights.

"Spike" Graham Scatters Fears And Cheers

Julian P. (Spike) Graham, staff photographer at Hotel Del Monte, who went to China with Herb Gerwin, Del Monte publicity director, some few weeks ago, tossed a little bombshell into the circle of his family here in Carmel this last week. It isn't the bombshell that is so interesting as the manner in which it was diversely reacted to.

A long, legal-sized envelope, addressed to Mrs. Graham, was received into the bosom of the family. It bore a Chinese post mark. It was opened. It contained, of all things, Graham's will.

Now, when a friend, or even a husband, away from home, and especially right now in China, sends his will back to—well, even a wife and children, there's a certain disconcertion about it. Mrs. Graham, to say the least, was both shocked and sobered. But while perusal of the document left Mrs. Graham still a bit cold, it positively did not so leave Spike's oldest boy, well up in his teens, in that condition. In fact, young Graham saw nothing foreboding in this testament of his father. Instead he saw, as his listening ears heard, himself possessed of his father's shooting irons, prized above all things, and coveted above all things. Graham is a nut on hunting and an expert shot. He has many swell things in his arsenal. What a prospect for a boy!

However, the inheritance is still some distance in the future, we hope. The last report is that Cerwin and Graham are back from the interior of China and now in Hong-kong, ready to embark for home.

There seems to be a little rowdyism going hereabouts, according to the police blotter, for Mrs. Lloyd Tevis reports that her gate light was shot out by a gang of boys and girls in a tan sedan, whose license number they were unable to get. After the shooting the car headed

BUT INTEGRITY AND STUDY OF TRUSTEES ARE MAIN ISSUES INVOLVED

Let's look this sewage disposal plant straight in the face.

There have been, as there always are when any sort of a civic proposal or project is set forth, rumblings of opposition to the plan of necessary improvement outlined by the Carmel Sanitary District Board the Trustees last November.

We have heard them. They have been brought directly to us by some of the rumblers. We have been asked how much we know about the details of the board's proposal. We have been asked if we have made ourselves familiar with other proposals, diametrically opposed to those of the board.

In a word, we have been stopped on the street and told with emphasis and a certain amount of conviction that the proposal of the board is not a good proposal; that it is detrimental to the best interests of the district; that it is expensive; that it is impractical; that, in fact, it is all wrong.

So, let's refer back to the board's statement in November and see what its proposal is. The board proposes to construct a sewage disposal plant on what is called an "island" in the Carmel river, about half-way between where the river flows under the San Simeon Highway bridge and the river's mouth on the beach.

It is proposed to acquire the three-acre tract by condemnation as Willis Walker, the owner, refuses to sell it outright at what the board considers a reasonable figure. It is proposed to build a sewage disposal plant thereon in units, the first unit to require about one-quarter of the acreage available as this is all that will be necessary for a community the size of the Carmel district for some years to come. The remaining three-fourths of the available land can be used for extension of the plant as time requires it.

Method of Financing

It is proposed that the estimated \$60,000 required to build this plant and the distributing system to it will be raised through direct assessment against property within the sanitary district. It is estimated that this assessment will amount to \$15 for each 25-foot lot. This assessment will be the complete tax against the property within the district for the building of this first unit which will be sufficient for many years.

These are the plans and the proposals of the sanitary board and they have been adopted after more than a year of study and what the board considers a complete survey of the situation by a competent,

(Continued on Page Seven)



SAYS THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page One)

the third page the heading: "Save America!" and below that it says: "You Can!" in capital letters. Farther down it repeats "Save America!" and adds: "And do it now!"

This interests us as it should interest any loyal citizen. This "I Am" thing not only interests, but intrigues us. In fact, we had decided that we would poke our editorial nose in on one of these sessions and look over the "accredited messengers" when our eye suddenly fell back to page two of the folder and on these ominous words: "We always reserve the right to refuse admittance or have anyone removed from the audience at our discretion."

Which brings us up short, and to a decision to give the matter a bit more consideration before we act on our impulse.

But you go on up—any night beginning Tuesday of next week.

SO ROWNTREE GOT US THE FIRE HOUSE, DID HE? HE DID NOT!

We were somewhat amused the past week to learn in the public print as emanating from Dolores street, that the present Carmel fire house stands "as a monument" to Councilman Bernard Rowntree. There may be things about the fire house, many of which dissatisfied firemen could readily point out to you, that stand as something to Bernard Rowntree (we wouldn't call them exactly "monuments"), but as for the existence of the fire house at all, Mr. Rowntree had about as much to do with that as Bill Sikes who may or may not run a general store in Wichita, Kansas.

The fact is, that if any bronze plaques are to be tacked up on the fire house in recognition of some human being who was instrumental in getting it constructed, the name of Argyll Campbell, whom Rowntree and Mayor Everett Smith and Councilman Joe Burge would like to become the permanently forgotten man, will have to be inscribed thereon.

If you want authority for this, get in touch with Col. Hugh A. Beaton who, about a year and a half ago, was district director of the WPA in these parts. Colonel Beaton will tell you this:

That one day while he was talking with Frank McLaughlin, state WPA director, in his (Beaton's) office in Santa Barbara, he answered a long distance telephone call from Monterey. On the Monterey end was Argyll Campbell. Argyll, Beaton says, asked if there were any possibility of the WPA considering the construction of a fire house in Carmel. Beaton's reply was that if Argyll wanted a fire house in Carmel, there was little doubt the government would help build it. He said he would further consider the matter and asked that Argyll get the facts and figures together for a conference.

Then, says Colonel Beaton, he turned from the telephone to McLaughlin. He told him whom he had been talking with and what Argyll wanted. McLaughlin's reply was: "If Argyll wants it, he can have it."

A few weeks later, Colonel Beaton came to Monterey, conferred with Campbell, and the ball, which

later became a Carmel fire house, somewhat mangled by Councilman Bernard Rowntree, started to roll.

Colonel Beaton tells us that before he answered the telephone call from Argyll Campbell, the matter of a fire house for Carmel, or even the desire on the part of Carmel for a fire house, had never come before him or before any other official of the WPA.

That's that, as far as this "as a monument" business is concerned.

And if you want to know who got Carmel its first motor-driven fire apparatus, ask us, and we'll tell that story, too.

—W. K. B.

Cymbal Finally Finds Loser of Fat Purse

THE CYMBAL has found the lady who lost the purse in the recesses of which reposed about \$30 in good American money.

You remember, we told you how it was found in the telephone booth at the beach by a guest at La Playa Hotel; how besides the money there was only a key and no other mark of identification; how we noted the strange fact that no one had advertised for it, or set up any sort of hue and cry.

Well, last week a CYMBAL subscriber mentioned the unusual circumstances at a home he was visiting. Someone else present became suddenly very interested. Her sister, living in San Francisco, had left a purse, containing quite a sum of money, in a telephone booth in Carmel. When she returned to find it gone, and knowing there was nothing in it to identify her, she decided it would not be returned.

To make a short story shorter, the purse owner identified her property and discovered, much to everybody's surprise, that the man who found it had been her employer a few years ago.

Such things do be.

Bridge Winners In Tournament At Club

The six-weeks' duplicate bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club ended Monday evening. The winners were H. C. Spencer, Mrs. Myrtle McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Clark, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Robley and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Roper. Hereafter the duplicate tournaments will be weekly tournaments with prizes every week, and last evening the rubber tournaments started.

The club is planning a Valentine supper dance for Saturday night, February 12. The orchestra will be the same that made such a hit with members on New Year's Eve. Supper will be served at midnight, and the party is for both members and non-members.

The new tap room is open every night now and is becoming more and more popular. Every night a group can be found sitting around the fireplace.

ALL SAINTS' ELECTS NEW VESTRYMEN FOR YEAR

At the annual parish meeting of All Saints' Church, last Tuesday evening, the following were elected members of the vestry for the current year: James L. Cockburn, senior warden; Alfred Wheldon, junior warden; Paul Prince, treasurer; Willard W. Wheeler, clerk; E. H. Ewig and R. J. Gale.

Perhaps the very thing you want is contained in The Cymbal classified ads this week.

Three Men Lie To Us About Whales

When three strong men stand face to face they can lie harder and faster than—well, say, two strong men. Take Jack Williamson and Tex and Julian. The veracity, the integrity, the honor, in fact, of all three, taken collectively or one at a time, are now on the rocks—are, in a word, way out to sea off the Monterey county coast.

They see whales out there. They have been seeing them for a week or more. They told us about it at Whitney's the other afternoon. Williamson was nursing a bottle of beer, Julian wasn't there, but might as well have been, and Tex was holding the bar back from pushing him up against the cash register.

Williamson began—"It was a dark and stormy night; the robber band was—" No, it was about whales. It appears from Williamson, talking straight through his white, three-gallon hat, and backed up by Tex, and probably by Julian, that the three of them have seen 84 whales off the coast in the past fortnight, come Whitsunday. It appears that they have seen them from Rainbow Lodge; would have heard them if it weren't for Frida Sharpe's method of forensic approach. It appears they have seen them from Carmel Point; from Carmel Beach. It almost appears that they have seen them jumping the bar of the Carmel River to spawn. (Yes, we know whales are mammals, we say in a whisper.)

And, says Williamson, which we are loath to repeat and ashamed so to do, they are always heading south.

"You know," said Williamson, turning slightly from his bottle of beer, "I never yet saw a whale going north."

By that time we were turning Staniford's corner on the way back here.

Flash—Stanton Babies Named!

Susannah, Shannah and Stanwood Michael, or, if and when you get sufficiently acquainted with them, Sue and Sukey and Stan. And if the letter "S" is difficult for you, you can't even call them the Stanton children. For you it will have to be: Bob and Jinny's Three. (The capital "T" is used advisedly.)

This is the information conveyed to us by our special leased wire in to the Stanton home in Pebble Beach. These are the names selected for the two little twin girls and the boy Bob and Jinny presented themselves with at Christmas. Sue and Sukey and Stan are the names which will appear before the "with love from" on myriads of parcels and bundles and packages next Christmas, and the next and the next, ad, we hope, infinitum.

And Uncle Bill herewith and now salutes you—Susannah, Shannah and Stanwood Michael.

—W. K. B.

JOHNNY WEIGOLD PICKS UP A LITTLE BUSINESS OF HIS VERY OWN

Johnny Weigold, who has been handing us grocery packages and heads of cabbage for many moons hereabout, this last week moved himself from one store where he was employed to another store where he is the employer. Specifically, Johnny has bought the grocery, vegetable and fruit department of Quality Market in the new Leidig building at San Carlos and Ocean. You will find him there—smiling.

Two Carloads of Boy Scouts Cavort In the Snow in Yosemite Valley

Two carloads of Scouts and Sea Scouts left the Carmel Scout House at 5:30 a.m. last Friday morning, bound for Yosemite Valley and the annual Scout winter camp. They were Sea Scouts Freer Gottfried, Dick Carter, Adlington Cady and their leader, F. O. Ballou; Scout Jack Horner of Troop No. 39, Scouts Jimmie Welsh and Homer Levinson of Troop No. 86 with their leader, Fred Decker. After an uneventful trip, the two carloads entered Yosemite by way of Madera and Wawona, arriving at Badger Pass, 7,200 feet above the valley floor, at 11:30 a.m.

Skiis and ski-boots were then rented, half-price for Scouts, and we tried our skill at this sport. The snow at Badger was eight inches deep and packed very hard, which made skiing fast. After several hours of grand fun, we left for the floor of the Valley, where accommodations had been arranged for us. We slept at Camp Curry and ate at Yosemite Lodge. The "eats" were exceptionally good.

That night we watched the inter-collegiate hockey tournament, played for the "Hoover Cup," and won in the finals by Loyola, defeating U.S.C. Bright and early the next morning we left for Badger Pass and more skiing. By nightfall Sea Scout Cady had proven his adeptness at skiing and was showing up the rest of us.

We saw Yosemite's famous Fire Fall that night and did some skating on the ice rink. Mr. Decker's early training in this sport came to his rescue and he soon left the rest of us far behind on the ice.

Sunday morning, Mr. Decker and his group of boys stayed on the floor of the Valley sight-seeing, until noon, when they left for home. Mr. Ballou and the other boys, their skiing fervor unabated, returned to the ski fields, to leave them only when darkness made more skiing impossible. During this day we made the long climb to the summit of Tempo Dome, 8,000 feet high. Standing on Tempo Dome, we were surrounded by a breath-taking view of the Sierras.

We arrived home at 1 a.m. on Monday, tired and happy. These three days of winter sports, so thoroughly enjoyed by boys and leaders alike, were made possible by the

co-operation of the Carmel Scout committee and the Monterey Bay Area Council. We are grateful to these men for this wonderful trip.

—HOMER LEVINSON

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Players Discuss Many Matters Tonight

These people that have started to make things hum in a dramatic way around town are having a general and very special meeting tonight. The Carmel Players have even interested the Business Association enough so they plan to adjourn, following their dinner, and trek down to the Filmarte Theatre to see what is going on. And what is going to go on, are skits by each of the workshop groups to show the kind of work being done, and some announcements will be delivered in senatorial tones which should interest the members. This meeting is not only for those who have paid their dollar to be in on the fun the Players are having, but anyone who may want to join.

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SCOUT DIRECTOR MOVES OFFICE ACROSS HILL

The Carmel Girl Scout House on Lincoln and Sixth will no longer be the office for the Scouts here, for on Wednesday, Miss Edith Tweedy, the new director, moved bag and baggage to the Scout House in Pacific Grove. The telephone number there is Monterey 4482.

Fine Food

Frank Harrison, formerly of Carmel, offers the finest of cuisine for your approval

Fine Drinks

to satisfy the palate of the most fastidious

Fine Music

Scintillating cowboy rhythm by "Shorty" Miller

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The Carmel Cymbal

Legion Promises Music Thrill at Next Dance

Carmel Post of the American Legion, at its dance party January 22, deals a new hand to the dance-minded public of the Monterey Peninsula, in offering for the first time in this vicinity "King" Baggett and his Four Rhythm Aces, which should be a pat hand at anybody's party.

Neal Baggett, Southern gentleman with a drawl, prior to becoming a resident of Carmel, was associated with such radio and stage bands as "The Royal Texans," "The Southern Stars" and the "Happy Lads from Dixie." The Rhythm Aces, as we have heard them, "swing out" in the much approved "Fats" Waller manner.

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McGaw-Knox Play Reading Pleases

Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox over-reached themselves a bit when they chose "You Can't Take It With You," by Moss Hart and George Kaufman, for their reading last Saturday night. The play, of course, is chuck-full of highly entertaining lines, which nearly balanced the feeling left with you of two characters in search of six more. For the first time in the series the audience was conscious of the book. However, no fault lies with the acting of the McGaws, only with their unfortunate selection of a play which is practically impossible for two people to do.

A very special slice of praise goes to Emma Knox for her characterization of the mother, Penny Sycamore, while McGaw's interpretation of the kindly grandfather was fine.

The old gentleman's philosophy of life was the serious highlight of the play. He felt that people should relax, and found their striving for money and social position ridiculous because you really can't take those things with you. After working for 35 years, he went up in the elevator one day to go to his office, but just turned right around and came down again, never to go back.

"You Can't Take It With You," a Pulitzer-prize winner, opened in New York in December of 1936, and it is still going strong. It has recently been sold to motion pictures for the sum of \$150,000, the highest price ever offered for any play.

The next presentation of the McGaws will be Maxwell Anderson's "Wingless Victory," the play that made such a hit in New York, with Katharine Cornell in the leading role.

—S. F.

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OUT OF THE INTERESTING FOREST THEATER HISTORY

As a result of a new year's desk cleaning there fluttered out of THE CYMBAL editorial desk a post card, dated "Sept. 26, 1936," and reading:

"Forest Theater Association, Carmel. Kindly send me information as to your contest which you conduct yearly as I would like to have it filed for future reference."

The requester was a woman living in Hollywood.

We accosted Gene Watson with the card and he reminded us that the Forest Theater used to offer prizes for original plays adaptable for summer production here. He remarked, as we departed his presence, that once the group received a manuscript which put the entire play inside a Pullman car.

Paul Whitman and Ad. Hanke Make It Back from Trek into Guatemalan Wilds

Paul Whitman and Ad Hanke returned from their trip to Mexico and Guatemala this week with glowing reports of the 46 days they were away. During the five and a half days it took them to get to Mexico City, they drove over a paved highway and it is 3000 miles to the inch from Carmel. The highway goes through San Antonio, Texas, to Laredo, to Monterrey, and on to Mexico City.

After spending a few days in Mexico City, they took a local train of the National Railways Company, which took them to Vera Cruz and to Suchiat, Mexican-Guatemalan frontier. Here the going became a bit on the rough side for on their arrival at midnight, they crossed the Rio Suchiat in a dugout to get to Ayutla. From there it was a 12-hour train ride to Guatemala City. They found Southern Mexico interesting and extremely primitive.

From Guatemala City they hid themselves away in a motor car to

the mountains, stopping at Antigua and Lake Amatitlan, which Hanke considers the most beautiful lake he has ever seen, due among other things to its surrounding volcanoes. On to Chichicastenango, which is high in the mountains and the center of the most interesting Guatemalan Indian country. Paul stayed here doing a series of water colors until he retraced his steps to Mexico City, while Hanke spent a week in the Eastern lowland jungles of the Atlantic side. He had one-day of thrilling alligator shooting, getting a little tyke, 11 feet long, several smaller ones and some large snakes. From thence Hanke went on to Porto Barrios to visit the old Mayan ruins, which he found intriguing, and then back to Guatemala City where he took a Pan-American plane to Mexico City. After some fine deep-sea fishing in Acapulco he joined Paul in Mexico City, and they wended their merry way back to us.

Recreation Head To Speak Before Sunset P-T.A.

"Community Recreation and You" will be the subject of a talk by Josephine Randall, at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, January 18, in the Sunset School auditorium under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher Association. The speaker is bringing with her Clifford Nelson, supervisor of visual recreation, who will show a picture entitled "Trail Song," which received the Hollywood Motion Picture Forum award as the "outstanding non-theatrical film of 1937."

Miss Randall, superintendent of recreation for the city of San Francisco, is well known throughout the state for her work. She has been invited to speak in neighboring cities but had to decline, so this is the only opportunity to hear her in this section. Her department in San Francisco covers every phase of recreation, including music, sports, etc.

It is hoped that the people of Carmel will become more recreation-minded. This is just a beginning toward getting them interested in the subject and ready to continue.

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SLEVIN SELLING CANDLE IN LAMP CHIMNEY; THIS IS NOT AN AD

If you want to get into the spirit of the old days in Carmel, you can get part of the necessary paraphernalia down at Slevin's new store on Ocean avenue, south side, midway in the block between Lincoln and Dolores streets. (Incidentally, Ruth Young of the violet eyes has returned from her vacation and is again back of the Slevin counter working the new, 1938 cash register.) It's a candle in a lamp chimney, nicely set in a rusty gadget with a handle at the top. If Slevin won't sell it, you can bring suit and force him to. It's in the window and apparently on sale with other things therein.

Looks Like Fine Play in Offing At Filmarte

A dropping in on a rehearsal of "Night of January 16th" left a definite impression that the Carmel Players have picked a grand play and a grand cast for their next production at the Filmarte Theatre Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, January 27, 28, 29 and 30.

Particularly impressive was By Ford's thoity-thoid street twang which he has down pat, and Edith Frisbie's Swedish accent vich sounds very Svedishi. According to the rest of the cast, Lee Crowe's interpretation of Sigurd Jungquist practically has them in tears and certainly on their toes.

The play is laid in a courtroom and Tom Neikirk and Col. Charles Lawrence are constructing the set, which promises to make you feel as though you are in a real courtroom.

A new addition to the cast is David Lindsey, who will play the part of the Clerk of the Court.

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HOLLYWOOD BIG SHOT TO SEE FILMARTE PLAY

Chick McCarthy has received a letter from Arthur Lubin, who directs pictures for Universal, that he will be in Carmel for the Carmel Players' production of the "Night of January 16th." Lubin, an up-and-coming young director, gave the public "Yellowstone," "House of a Thousand Candles," "Banjo On My Knee," "The Green Bay Tree" and many other fine pictures. So maybe soon we will see some of our most promising young actors and actresses scintillating or something on the silver screen.

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A teachers' meeting was held Tuesday noon at Sunset School. General plans and policies for the year were discussed including the next issues of Sunset Glow, assemblies and health programs.

CORPORATE COMMUNION AT ALL SAINTS' SUNDAY

A Corporate Communion of the members of this year's confirmation class, with their parents and friends, will be held next Sunday morning at All Saints' Church at 8 a.m. The regular services will also be held at 9:30 and 11 a.m. At the 11 o'clock service the full vested choir will sing, and the Rev. Carel Hulsewé will deliver a message to the parishioners.

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In and Out...of CARMEL SHOPS



THE SPIRIT OF CARMEL—seems to be typified by our heading of the small Scottie by Shirlee. He evidently has bought something and is taking it home. Don't we all? Lucky Scot, he doesn't have to find a parking place for a car.

ARE YOU AN OLD TIMER? If you are you've eaten Billy Bishop's toothsome dishes in various and sundry places. Now he's serving the gastronomically-inclined public at Curtis' down below Dolores on Ocean and those dinners and luncheons are tops. And steaks—oh my, do they do them well and are they tender! They are, and I'm the one who knows. One nice little point to be considered is that those luscious luncheons are only thirty-five cents and those delectable dinners are only fifty.

IT'S A PERFECT ENDING—to any Sunday to have a buffet supper at Forest Lodge. They are unique and just awfully good, with a variety of cold and hot dishes in delightfully different surroundings with a cordial home atmosphere. You are welcome to stay and have a game of bridge afterwards or just sit and browse among the many magazines.—Be sure to phone 580

and tell them you are coming.

OFF FOR A VACATION—is Mrs. Carol Edwards, the lady who presides over the destinies of The Carmel Art and Gift Shop, and she is closing the shop while she is gone. But there is a card on the door with a phone number, 538-W, and anyone desiring a gift in a hurry, can phone and be assured of prompt service.

IF YOU'RE A MOTHER of a youngster from 18 months to five years, or know a busy Mother of one such, you'll be glad to hear about Georgia Ranney's Nursery Project down on Scenic, two doors south of Ocean. Here, the children learn to play with each other, have a rest period during the morning and are supplied with a fruit juice to rouse their flagging energies, should they ever flag. I doubt it, though, having worked with this group once upon a time. They are well and scientifically cared for and a setup for experiences is given that has as its aim the formation of good social habits and health. It's all fun and the children love it. The phone is Carmel 1133.

SOMETIMES I'M SMART—or think I am, when I find a home Beauty Parlor such as Mrs. Maude Fraser has on Lincoln, two houses from Sixth, above the Library. Her room is sunny and warm and her prices are very reasonable. In fact, they would bear looking into by women who have to think about those little things called pennies. The phone is 370-R. —M. R. S.

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CARMEL

The Carmel Cymbal

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BURGE WANTS SANITARY BOARD TO INVESTIGATE OUTFALL POSSIBILITIES

Editor, CARMEL CYMBAL:

We of Carmel wish to ask the Carmel Sanitary Board why they will not have a sanitary engineer's survey of our coast for an outfall sewer recommendation and thereby satisfy a majority of taxpayers. We only ask this to satisfy ourselves and friends that that is the honest thing to do.

JOSEPH A. BURGE

+ + +

New Playground Directors Like Work Here

Helen Slater and Robert M. Van Garrick, special recreation supervisors at Sunset School under the Carmel Recreation Project, find Carmel children unusually easy to work with, and from talking with them it is imagined that the children find them equally easy to play with. They are on the grounds during recesses, helping the other teachers in their classes who have their hands full, and on the grounds after school until 5 p.m.

Around 50 boys can be found after school getting tips from Garrick on basketball and football, and much enthusiasm has been shown in the forthcoming baseball season, while the girls often stay to play volley ball with Miss Slater.

+ + +

New Directors Of Red Cross Elected

Mrs. S. A. Trevvett and Charles L. Berkey were elected to the executive committee of Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, at the quarterly meeting Wednesday of this week. They take the places of James L. Cockburn and Arne Halle. C. W. Lee was re-elected chairman of the chapter and next week he will appoint the vice-chairman and secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. Trevvett presented the membership report, showing a total of 1018 for the Carmel Chapter, for the third year tops in the state in percentage of population. At the recent roll call the chapter raised \$4933 which was almost \$1100 above the quota set for the district.

THIS THING AND THAT

NOW I ASK YOU

I thought it was spring, but it isn't at all.
It's not even summer, and not even fall.

In the depths of the winter should air be so mild
That I gambol and frisk like a woolly sheep's child?

+ + +

Owl eyes stared at me
Piercing through the dark.
I said, "You keep the forest;
I'll find a park."

+ + +

It's caterpillar season.
He's in the oddest places,
Both ends of him identical—
I can't tell where his face is.

+ + +

Toadstools on a tree-trunk
Ranged like library shelves—
No use to any one
But old bookworms themselves.

+ + +

The only coin that cleaves to me
And manifests a proper
Sentiment of loyalty, is
The futile little copper.

+ + +

Though every native resident hopes some day to be President,
But thirty-one, consecutive, have become our Chief Executive.

Go roll your hoop, Oscar Doop;

Think nothing of it, Wenceslaus Lovett.

—E. F.

Eleanor Irwin Seeks Your Aid Toward Making "Guide" Book of Monterey Peninsula a Honey

Few persons who had any connection with or knowledge of the writers' project of the WPA two years ago thought that anything of value would come out of it beyond providing a certain remuneration to unemployed. But something apparently has.

Eleanor Irwin who, besides a great many other valuable things, is supervisor of the Monterey County writers' project of the WPA, dropped in on us this week with three tangible evidences of actual production by this branch of the federal creative program. She brought in a booklet about San Diego, an "Almanac for New Yorkers" and a booklet entitled "Intercoastal Waterway, from Norfolk to Key West." All three are interesting, instructive and fact-containing publications and all three are finished productions of the writers' project.

The "Almanac" is especially good, written in a breezy style, with facetiousness and humor which appeals to New Yorkers, and as such is a surprising contrast to what you would imagine any governmental department would produce, or permit to be produced under its imprint.

The San Diego booklet of the "American Guide Series" is the first California product of the writers' project Mrs. Irwin believes

that by late summer the California publication will appear. If it is to devote space to cities of the state comparative with the San Diego booklet, the entire volume should rival the Encyclopaedia Britannica in size.

Anyway, something seems to have come of the writers' project that is of concrete value to the country outside and beyond the financial assistance it has given and is giving to writers who met temporary defeat in the not so late-lamented depression.

Incidentally, Mrs. Irwin, as superintendent of our local project, wants assistance from old residents in the writing of the Monterey County booklet. She asks that old records, old manuscripts, old maps and books, as well as stories of early days here which are preserved only in the memory, be made available to her.

THE CYMBAL promises you that if you will assist Mrs. Irwin in this through notifying us of what you have, the Monterey County booklet of the "American Guide Series" will be an especially good one. We say this unqualifiedly, because we know enough about Eleanor Irwin to know that whatever she does is especially good and that into it goes a conscientious personal effort and a rare intelligence.

Hawaiian Story Writer Will Do Autobiography

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ball (Armine von Tempski) have gone down to Hollywood about some motion picture contracts and will return soon when they will again be house guests of Don Blanding, of whom it is possible you may have heard in connection with the art or craft of versification.

Mrs. Ball is planning to settle down in Carmel the rest of the year

and devote her undivided attention to the matter of writing her autobiography wherein it relates to her birth and life on the island of Maui in the Hawaiian group. Daughter of a Dutch settler in the early days and big plantation owner, Armine von Tempski's life has been an exciting experience, and those who have read her several novels believe that she will tell it in the exciting manner it deserves.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS cost 30 cents a line a month—that is if you let them stand.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

With the trial of Baumann, the miner of Los Burros, who fired a fatal shot from his own door step in the south coastal wilderness, the shoving of the real, living West into history is made a little more complete—unless Baumann is vindicated by a superior court jury in Salinas.

Ruling out Baumann's wild eyes, and shaggy beard, which he shaved off before the trial began, he was a comparatively ordinary mortal and did what any red-blooded man would have done in similar circumstances—shot when he thought his cabin was being approached by possibly dangerous persons.

His mistake was to go and hide, instead of waiting until morning. Of course, fear of being shot in retaliation may have had something to do with that, and, too, the lonely life is apt to confuse values and warp the judgment of how the outside world looks on such matters.

The case recalls the case of the Brite boys of Yreka and the sending of officers to arrest them—at night! Good judgment by the sheriff would have made the approach in their wilderness in broad daylight. After all, a dog will snap at anything moving past its eyes quickly, before it can focus, and a rugged mountaineer cannot be too careful when he is fearful for his own life.

But again, the untamed animal of the mountains, brought into a court, in a modern city, surrounded by sleek lawyers and polished businessmen, looks like an outlaw wolf. Full of strange, unreasoned fears, in a cold, calculating courtroom, such a man is victim to wild instincts to battle or run, or hide, and a courtroom is no place for human emotions.

Poor, wild-eyed man! But his attorneys will do what they can, and they were apparently smart when they withdrew the insanity plea.

+

While on the subject of courts, why are there not more "bad egg" cases brought to the public attention? Why are justices of the peace, sometimes district attorneys, so willing to overlook?

There was the humorous one in which a well-known egg producer was fined, most of the fine being suspended on terms of good behavior (What good behavior?) and the eggs, already as evidence declared

unfit for human consumption, returned "for reconditioning."

That's not funny when you and I pay good money for eggs and sometimes eat such eggs.

+

To turn to something more cheerful, last week-end I saw something that made my eyes bulge. It was a perfectly laid out sawmill, which had cut 10,000 feet of pine, \$500 worth of oak for hardwood flooring, and was the work of two splendid young men, who were spurred on by neither ambition nor financial gain.

I dislike making copy of friends, so I will not go on to describe what else they have done with able hands and clever heads, things that you or I in our dreams have thought we would like to do—if only we had the time.

And they, busy as beavers, have not only carried on their everyday businesses, but have found time to make a lot of dreams come true.

They are of the old American strain that can take a licking and come right back building ships and castles.

+

Did this column ever mention that some day a banker will be found who can tell you the difference between "chastity" and "morality." Put the first word in their minds and they stumble over the second. And yet "morality" is the most important single factor in their business, and "chastity" is as nothing.

Any prospective banker should be made to pass an examination in philosophy as well as to change the decimal system into the duodecimal and system of sevens. Then we should have something!

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Mother's Radio Shoots Her Suddenly Back to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and Springtime and "Gentle Annie"

My maternal parent was miles behind everybody at dinner the other night. She talked a steady streak. She couldn't get to take a mouthful with the powerful thing that was occupying her mind and forcing her to get some more joy out of memories by putting it into words. We munched away, the Constant Eater, the John Drew and I, and listened to mother. She was good while she lasted, and she lasted until we got way into the desert and she wasn't halfway through her first meat ball.

It went like this. It seems that during the afternoon, when she was all alone and got tired knitting, and working the funny little loom somebody gave her for Christmas, and the funnier big loom we gave her for Christmas to make rugs on, and looking at the waves break on Kuster's Point, and watching the birds who come to eat off the shelf we've put just outside the window near her chair—and she turned on her radio.

Out of it came the tail-end of a speech about some kind of soap being good enough to use in making macaroni and cheese, and then a man burst forth and sang: "When the Springtime Comes, Gentle Annie."

And right then, mother got up from her chair, although she hasn't been able to walk for three years, and she ran like everything out the front door and across the state to Nevada and across Nevada to Utah and across the middle west and—by this time her long skirts were getting frayed or something and they got shorter and shorter, until they were just around her knees, and her knees were different, and she could run faster, and she had her hair in braids somehow, and she brought up short all of a sudden in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and

she was sitting next to her aunt, at a circus, and a clown was singing: "When the Springtime Comes, Gentle Annie," and when he finished singing, her aunt, or somebody, told her that the man's name was Clark, and that everybody loved him, and that he had written the words to the song, and that he sang it wherever the circus went. And there were tears in her aunt's eyes on account of the song and tears in mother's eyes, too, on account of the song.

And she was all that time just about nine years old.

And then, three years later, or thereabout, she went with her father and her little sister and a little brother to live at Springfield, Vermont, and a little boy came to live in the house next door and his name was Eddie—Eddie Clark. And she found out that his father was the clown who sang "Gentle Annie," and Eddie wanted to take her to the circus which came to a little place named Windsor, not many miles away. And her mother was a Methodist, and she didn't like circuses and she wouldn't let her go.

And mother took another bite of her meat ball, and she wondered to us if it was so that the clown whose name was Clark had written "When the Springtime Comes, Gentle Annie," and she wondered if I'd find out for her. And here I'm trying.

And after she had caught up with us, and eaten her dessert, and got back on her crutches to the chair by the window that looks out on Kuster's Point, she sang to me a whole verse of "When Springtime Comes, Gentle Annie," while Constant Eater was clearing up the dishes and John Drew was reading "Three Men in a Boat," or something.

—W. K. B.

Court Arne Just Belittlin' Us

Court Arne has a peculiar sense of loyalty to this town which has made him what he is today, kept him in swell bread and butter when he was running his sea-going barber shop next to the bank, steered all beard-wearing persons his way, and everything.

He thinks he can belittle the place. He isn't so dumb as to do it himself; that is, with words emanating from his own brain and expressed in his own inimitable language. He does it through other people, eggs 'em on to criticize us, make us feel bad, and everything.

Take yesterday, for instance. He accosted us. We thought by the light in his eye that it was his birthday or something.

He told us a Mr. White (couldn't remember his first name, although he had known him for years, which right away sounded fishy to us) was visiting him. Used to come here quite often, but hadn't been now for nine years until this week. Came from Santa Cruz. And then Arne added:

"He says the place has changed. He wouldn't know it. It's grown too much. He doesn't like it. He says it's getting like Santa Cruz. He says he might as well go back home and get used to Santa Cruz, instead of spending his money to come over here and try to get used

to Carmel getting like Santa Cruz."

Our chamber of commerce instinct prompts us to the wish that Court cuts his finger tomorrow on his best razor. And the hell with Mr. White.

+ + +

Carl Latham, of the San Francisco Chronicle, and a frequent visitor to Carmel, was here a few days this week on a combined business and pleasure trip. Carl spent his time lamenting the fact that he had to return to the fog of the city.

Laura Dierssen returned to Carmel last Saturday after spending two weeks in San Francisco with her sister, Mrs. Karl Hoffmann.

Betty Reynolds, who returned to her studies at the University of California yesterday, spent part of her Christmas vacation attending the national convention of the American Students Union, held at Vassar this year.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Koepp this week were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bessonett, their daughters, Rachel Ellen and Fern Adele, and Rodney Wheeler, all of Eugene, Oregon.

Charlie Chaplin and Tim Durant, who are spending a few weeks on the Peninsula, staying at the Monteleone house in Pebble Beach, are employing part of their time by writing a script for Paulette Goddard, and what it is about nobody knows except Chaplin and Durant.

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Business Group To Listen in On Players

New officers for the Carmel Business Association will be elected at its regular annual meeting this evening at Pine Inn.

It had been planned to have a speech at the meeting, as is generally the case, but it was finally decided that the session would be called early—7 o'clock—and after the business is attended to, to adjourn to the Filmarte Theater and attend the special meeting there of the Carmel Players.

It is understood that the Players will discuss some important matters relating to the immediate future, and Frank Townsend talked the business men and women into believing that they would be vitally interested. There is considerable possibility that they will be.

The nominating committee, to submit names for officers tonight, consists of Mabel Sampson, Eleanor Yates and John Jordan. Besides the president and directors, there will be named a secretary-treasurer, the only paid office in the organization.

+ + +

Miss Mary Ackroyd has moved from the Girl Scout House to 45A North Casanova street, the Heath cottage.

+ + +

A convenient way to renew your subscription to The Cymbal is to drop into the office of the Carmel Investment Company (Barnet Seegal) almost next to the post office and do it.

Beverly Stover Stops Us Dead In Our Tracks

Beverly Stover, who operates in Imelman's, pulled a fast one on us yesterday—so fast that it made our head swim.

We were sauntering down Ocean avenue and noticed Beverly cut across from Stella's corner to a car parked at the end of the parked center of the block, just at Dolores street. We thought he looked cautiously around him as he approached the car. We still think he did. And as he pulled a keyring from his pocket and started to insert a key in the lock on the rear compartment of the car, we stopped him, or hesitated him, with a yell:

"Hey, is that your car?" were our bold words of demand.

Beverly only hesitated, we'll admit, and continued with his keying, but he shot back at us, "You can bet it is," and, as he lifted the cover of the compartment, he added: "Want to argue it with me?"

We had by that time arrived at his elbow. We looked into the open compartment, backed up, and started to walk fast as fast can be away from where Beverly was, where the car was, and not caring whose car it might happen to be. We precisely were not going to argue with Beverly.

We had seen, as he lifted the cover, an automatic pistol, a rifle, and a couple of belts of shells. There might therein have been a machine gun or two, we didn't wait to see. And we did not argue with Beverly.

FINAL REDUCTIONS



Out they go! Dozens of late model dresses, all of excellent design and workmanship at fractions of their original value. +Lines and sizes in this group are broken.

Closing out 3.95 to 12.95

Fairly good selection left in this group. All late, flattering models in good quality materials. Wide range of sizes and patterns in all the popular shades. +These were good values at their former prices; now they are bargains!

9.95 11.95 14.95

In many instances prices have been reduced for the second time during our January Sale. If we have your size in the model you want, you are in for a genuine saving.

House Frocks

We have just received a new shipment of bright and colorful house dresses. Prints and piques with charming novelty belts and buckles. Smart enough for morning wear and practical enough to enable you to do your housework in comfort.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

The new crop of oranges is here! And what a relief to be able to get big juicy clear gold fruit at reasonable prices again. It doesn't seem possible that anyone could get tired of orange juice. And will I ever forget those blistering summer days years ago in New York when all of a sudden little white-tiled booths blossomed all over the place selling glasses of ice-cold orange juice for a nickel! It claimed to be real orange juice from fresh fruit but whether it was or whether it wasn't, it was the most delicious-tasting and cooling nickel's worth you could find in all that huge, dusty, heat-smothered city.

Another orange memory that keeps coming back to me is my first sight of oranges, not stacked in piles on fruit stands, but growing amid glossy green leaves. I had come right from the heart of an Eastern winter, from snow and ice and cutting winds and furs and goloshes, to sunny Redlands. Alongside the back porch of the bungalow ran a high board fence, the top covered by beautiful pink Cherokee roses, and just beyond and above them, standing out like solid gold balls, against the clearest, deepest blue sky I had ever seen, hung a few oranges on a drooping bough. The roses, the oranges and the sky combined to form a picture that was almost startling to my unaccustomed eyes. Later I saw miles of orange groves and rode horseback in an unforgettable fragrance that was a blend of tarweed, eucalyptus and orange blossoms, but it is the branch of oranges seen over the back fence with the Cherokee roses that made the most lasting impression.

Assiduous reading of English fiction, including even that back in the dim ages written for the juvenile mind, convinces me that I should not be very enthusiastic about English cooking as it is manifested in the ordinary, middle-class home. It just sounds exceedingly uninteresting—a monotonous procession of mutton, rice pudding, and apple tarts, varied by desserts with such quaint names as gooseberry fool and something called a "shape"! A friend of mine, who made a very economical trip to England in the interests of her classes in literature, confirmed my impressions, while even those who have traveled on a higher scale report the difficulty of getting good coffee.

For further evidence on this subject the casual remarks of "The Provincial Lady in America" are revealing. That delightfully frank and slightly caustic writer, whom I adore, makes no bones about the fact that she found our food good. In describing her stay on Long Island she mentions an excellent lunch, adding in parentheses: "Standard of American cooking very, very high indeed. Reflect sentimentally that Robert is, in all probability, only having roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, then remember difference in time between here and England, and realize that beef and Yorkshire pudding are either in the past or the future, although cannot be quite sure which." All through the book Miss Delafield sprinkles her appreciation of our American meals: "most excellent lunch" . . . "Dinner marvellous, as usual—" . . . "Excellent coffee and bacon help further to restore me, and I decide that al-

most every sorrow can probably be assuaged by a respectable meal."

In Washington her first breakfast results in the following amusing remarks: "Excellent coffee starts, not for the first time, rather melancholy train of thought concerning Cook, and her utter inability to produce even moderately drinkable coffee. Shall make a point of telling her how much I have enjoyed all coffee in America. (Query: Is this a cast-iron resolution, to be put into effect directly I get home in whatever mood I may happen to find Cook—or is it merely one of those rhetorical flashes, never destined to be translated into action? Answer: All too probably: The latter.)"

In New York, when the Provincial Lady is being taken the rounds of the more important night clubs as a final polish on her education in American life and liberty, they "discuss English food, of which Ramona and her friend Helen speak more kindly than it deserves—probably out of consideration for my feelings. Eugene and Charlie preserve silence—no doubt for the same reason—but Taylor, evidently a strong-minded person, says that he has suffered a good deal from English cabbage. Savories, on the other hand, are excellent. They are eaten, he surprisingly adds, with a special little knife and fork, usually of gold. Can only suppose that Taylor, when in England, moves exclusively in ducal circles, and hastily resolve never in any circumstances to ask him to my own house where savories, if any, are eaten off perfectly ordinary electro-plate."

In a letter from a Philadelphia friend of mine I got an amusing account of an "adventure in eating out." She and a friend were in New York on the eve of sailing on a West Indies cruise. As they say on the radio—Listen: "It all began when I read in some gadabout article that people like Alex Woolcott, the Marx Brothers, etc., who thought more of a good sauce than a floor show, could usually be found dining at a little French restaurant called Voisin's—the piece went on to describe it in most attractive terms, so that you got a picture of a little French restaurant with no pretensions but very good food. I made a mental note of the name and said to B. that we must try it next time we were in New York. So, when the cruise came along, and B. proposed that she and I go to New York a day ahead to see Leslie Howard in *The Petrified Forest*; we picked that evening to dine at Voisin's before the theatre. Our first surprise came when we had an awful time finding the place at all. The address was a very swanky apartment hotel and after inquiries of haughty doormen we located it inside the building—a blank door with no name written up, nothing whatever to indicate that it was a restaurant! Then when we got inside we had another surprise—we were practically the only people not in evening dress. There were few guests at all at that early hour, and everyone who came later was magnificently turned out in full evening dress! The restaurant was not large, but it was very elegant indeed, just as fine as the Plaza, silver and linens of the best, and the excessive number of waiters that only good (and costly!) dining-places have. Well, it was costly all right! I've never been in a place that charged such prices.

There's no doubt about it being good—the food was marvelous—I've always wished I could go back there some time when I was feeling tops and didn't mind spending \$10 to get a dinner. That particular evening I was rather ill and didn't want anything but soup—and it was just as well, I guess! I remember that B. ordered very meagrely, something like an entree and one vegetable, I had nothing but a tureen of soup and melba toast. B. followed with a pastry and liqueur. And the bill was more than \$7.00! We were so amused over our error that we didn't mind being country bumpkins and arousing the scorn of the waiters! (I'm sure they thought my soup was fear of the bill—and in principle they were right enough!) We have since heard quite a little of Voisin's. It's the famous place for wealthy gourmets. You never dine there when you have a theatre engagement, but go about 8 o'clock and make a ritual of one of their dinners, eating it lovingly until 10:30 or 11."

—CONSTANT EATER

+

Scout Leaders To Celebrate Anniversary

The Boy Scout leaders from the Monterey Bay area will celebrate their fifth anniversary at the Council's annual meeting at Asilomar, Monday, January 17. The meeting will be marked by short business meetings followed by a dinner meeting, pageant and dancing in Merrill Hall.

Dr. Paul F. Cadman, of San Francisco, noted educator and consulting economist, will be the speaker at the dinner meeting. Dr. Cadman served on the faculty of the University of California for six years, and was dean of men. He is at present consulting economist for many of the larger financial institutions of the nation. His subject will be "The Deepest Issue of Our Times."

The complete program for the day is as follows:

3 p.m.—Council committees meet at Merrill Hall for establishing policies, procedures, program for 1938 for recommendation to executive board.

6 p.m.—Council business session at Merrill Hall, election of 1938 council officers, approval of committee reports and recommendations. Important that every council member be at this meeting. Short, snappy, interesting!

7:30 p.m.—Dinner, pageant, entertainment, speaker, at Big Banquet Hall.

9:30 p.m.—Dancing at Merrill Hall until midnight.

During committee and business meetings there will be a reception for the women in the social hall.

+

NOEL SULLIVAN'S RADIO PROGRAM WAS FINE

Noel Sullivan played his own accompaniment on the organ last night for his program on Borghild Janson's Fireside Recital over station KDON from 9:15 to 9:45. His songs included Schubert's *An Die Musik*, *Panis Angelicus* by Cesar Franck, Antonin Dvorak's *God Is My Shepherd* and a group of folk songs.

For the next recital on January 27, Madame Janson will read some of the poems of Dora Hagemeyer, accompanied on the cello by Max Hagemeyer. In between the readings there will be solos by Lilly Walker and Annabelle Powell.

+

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

Sally Sets Task For Our Club of Camera People

Recently, while browsing about, I ran across a picture book of Britain and the thought came to me that this type of a book of Carmel would be the answer to the constant cry of the tourist for something reasonable in price, easily packed and comprehensive in scope to carry away as a memento of pleasant and more or less exciting days, because architecturally and physically Carmel is intriguing, much as it wants to get away from that particular adjective. Why doesn't the Camera Club turn their very evident talent to this job?

Carmel has no history, as history is understood. It lives by its beauty alone and a book containing about 50 plates, each picture around 8 x 10 inches in size and selling for \$2 would find a ready market. I don't suppose it would be a money-maker as this type of book would cost too much to get out in the proper way, but the backers should be satisfied to break even, if they achieve beautiful pictures of a beautiful place done by artists in photography, for the love of doing something well.

The book sponsors should stay away from politics entirely. Just because a house or shop has financial backing should mean nothing. What the Carmel lover wants is clever pictures of patios such as El Paseo and Las Tiendas, rows of shops like the Aucourt building, La Rambla and The Seven Arts, individual bits like Normandy Inn, Der Ling or De Loe's, views of houses and gardens such as the Matthew's house on San Antonio or Tuckaway on Casanova. Our new adobes, the Seifert and the Hopkins houses are just ripe for display. Of course the book must be a judicious mixture of shops, houses, gardens, streets, trees, beach and Forest Theater to satisfy every taste.

How about this, Peter Burk, Lloyd Weer, George Seideneck and all the other members of the Camera Club? —S. F.

+

PENINSULA REALTY MEN MEET HERE MONDAY

The Monterey Peninsula realty will have its regular monthly meeting this Monday noon at Normandy Inn. The meeting had been postponed for a week due to the illness of several members.

ROSCELLI, REFUSE ARTIST, GATHERS IN MUSHROOM OF PRODIGIOUS SIZE

John Roscelli, who collects and removes thither Carmel's cast-off materials, principally those which come under the category of food, is either a big Italian liar or he has something. We weren't in the office, or at home, when he arrived at both places, at different points in time: last Saturday with a mushroom which, according to him, and verified, somewhat authoritatively, by others, measured 18½ inches in diameter and weighed 8½ pounds. He and Mrs. Roscelli found it in the Del Monte forest. Sybil Anikayev is one of the verifiers. She took a picture of it.

+

LIBRARY NOW HAS GADGET TO KEEP YOUR CARD CLEAN

For eight cents you can get a gadget at the Public Library which will keep your library card clean, neat and free from prowling germs. It's made of transparent celluloid, quick-like, and apparently with qualifications for lasting until we write the Great American Novel and you use your card to get it from Miss Elizabeth Niles' establishment. One of the ham actors in the recent play at the Filmarte bought one for his card. We suspect it wasn't with cleanliness so much in mind, but rather an expression of his propensity for acquiring gadgets.

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What About and Why This Disposal Plant Plan of Sanitary Board?

(Continued from Page One)

highly-recommended sanitary engineer.

Accepting the premise that the present dilapidated plant on the beach just beyond Carmel Point is practically useless and a distinct menace to health, as well as an eyesore, and that some other method of disposing of Carmel's sewage is a vital necessity, let us consider the arguments of the opponents to the present plan of the sanitary board for the "island" plant.

We have first the opposition of the owners and occupants of the property directly adjacent to the proposed site of the plant, and of the owner of the site itself.

Willis Walker, owner of the Mission Tract, lately placed on the market, and the Carmel Realty Company, agents for the tract, oppose the project because they claim it will depreciate the value of their property. They declare that the necessary trestle for the conveying of the sewage pipe across the river at a point on their property will be detrimental to their interests in disposing of the property in homesites.

Justice in Contentions

There is certainly a large degree of justice in these contentions. Here once again we face that oft-recurring, inevitable-recurring, we might say, opposition to public improvement where adjoining interests are affected through noise, unsightliness, or general proximity. It occurs, and justifiably, whenever a site for a public school is considered, a playground, a building for the use of the public. It is natural that the owner of private property should fight against the depreciation, real or fancied, of that property.

But it is an opposition that finds justice only up to the point of the general good. If the sanitary board's proposal is the only feasible one to meet the present emergency; if the entire Carmel Sanitary District is to be benefited permanently by the consummation of the plan; if the health, comfort and welfare of an entire community is to result, then Willis Walker's interests, and those of the owners and occupants of the Mission Tract must be submerged for the public good.

But the sanitary board and its engineer deny that the adjacent property owners will suffer. They declare that the disposal plant will be so constructed that it will not be seen from any point other than on the so-called "island" itself. They claim that the trestle carrying the sewage pipe across the river at one point, will be so hidden by trees and shrubbery that it will hardly be noticeable. In fact, it is their contention that once constructed and in operation, the actual existence of the solution of the sewage problem will pass from the ken of the citizens of the community, living either near or far from its site, while today the attempted and broken-down solution stands, or lies, as

a persisting shame to the community.

Then, there are the charges of the opposition that the proposed plant is neither practical nor permanent; that it will pollute the river; that it will be washed out by flood waters; that it will require constant and expensive maintenance; that it will not have a capacity sufficient to care for the needs of the district for any reasonable number of years in the future.

This Is The Answer

THE CYMBAL finds the answer to these contentions where every resident and property owner of the district who is not a sanitary engineer should find it. We find it in the honesty, integrity and conscientiousness of the members of the Carmel Sanitary District Board of Trustees and in the reputation, efficiency and integrity of the engineers with whom they have consulted and on whose recommendations they have adopted the present plan.

The layman must rest the purchase of a sewage disposal plant on authority identical with that on which he decides to buy an oil painting. He must seek and accept the opinion of an expert. In the matter of sewage disposal we must consider as laymen the members of the sanitary board. Who are they? One is a builder of homes, one is a newspaper publisher, one is a clerical employe of a public utility, one is a minister to the ills that flesh is heir to, one is that interesting human enigma, made famous by O. Henry, a man-about-town.

Certainly, no one who knows Hugh Comstock, Ranald Cockburn, Allen Knight, Dr. J. B. McCarthy, Frank Townsend, believes for a minute that any of them expects any personal gain through the construction of this sewage disposal plant. We do believe that they have made every effort to find the best plan and, sincerely believing that they have found it, are going ahead to eradicate the present noisome situation and solve the problem permanently.

To find this plan they obtained expert opinion. They had two engineers, recommended to them by the University of California, to make surveys, examine sites, study every possible contingency. They spent more than a year on the study of these surveys, proposed sites, contingencies. They received from one of these engineers, approved by the second as a consultant, plans and specifications and they studied these for months before presenting them as their decision in the matter. They had the advantage of surveys, opinions, recommendations and, too, troubles of former boards, to help them.

Has Priceless Ingredient

And this is their proposal. It has the priceless ingredient of the honesty and integrity of the men who make it, and the tangible, practical value of the reputation and experience of the engineers who propose it.

The outfall sewer plan? We knew you'd spring that on us.

Well, here's the answer to that as we get it.

Despite the statements of the opposition to the contrary, the outfall sewer plan has been investigated. It has been investigated by experts, so the members of the sanitary board tell us. While no actual detailed and specific survey has been made, such as complete current tests, examination of the ocean bed off the beach, and hundreds of other ramifications of such a survey, it has been determined by the board

that under ideal conditions, which would mean a gradually sloping ocean bed, and currents persistently running seaward, an outfall sewer system, including the laying of the underground pipes, would cost not less than \$20,000. Added to this would be the cost of a purification plant which would be demanded by the government before sewage could be sent out into the water off the Carmel beach. Added to this would be the initial cost of the original survey, current tests, examination of the ocean bottom. And, say the best engineers who have been consulted in the matter, there would be the constant menace of storms and tides to threaten and undoubtedly at times destroy the pipe line on the bed of the ocean.

Conditions Not Ideal

And the conditions off the Carmel beach are not ideal, by any means. Even a layman can see the swing-in current of the Carmel River water during the rainy season.

The outfall disposal plan has been abandoned by the board as definitely too costly, as definitely unstable, as definitely requiring constant expenditures for upkeep. If it were a better plan than the one now adopted there is no reason in the wide world why the present sanitary board would not adopt it. We defy anyone to contend that the board members will serve themselves any more by one plan than another except in the satisfaction of having done a public service.

And, finally, there is something about the nature and the personnel of the opposition to the proposal of the sanitary board which smacks

too much of "opposition" as a fetish. The names of Joe Burge, Kent Clark and W. P. Silva give us that taste in our mouths. —W. K. B.

+ + +

Connie Bell Is All Excited About "Snow White"

Connie Bell fell ecstatically on our neck out on San Carlos the other day and explained her emotion and her expression of it with the announcement that she had seen "Snow White" in Los Angeles last week.

She said it was delightful; you'd never believe how delightful; that Disney has modernized the thing in a way that doesn't hurt it, but to the contrary takes some of the succulence out of it. She said there is one little fault to find. It's the movements of the fabricated human beings. Their lines quiver when they move and you notice that. You don't mind a bird's wings flapping a bit offside, as you might say, but the raising of a supposedly human's arm couldn't exactly flap. We can't put it the way Connie does; we can't put anything the way Connie does, but perhaps you get the idea.

She tried to get in to see "The

Drunkard" which is in its fifth year down there, but couldn't get tickets. They're packing them in, if you know what we mean. Imagine that!

+ + +

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

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Guy Curtis Sits Him Down and Tears Off a Humane Society Annual Report

We get a kick out of this Guy Curtis.

He's superintendent, or something, of the Humane Society; runs the thing, in fact, from top to bottom, and takes it mighty seriously.

Witness his "annual report" which was sent in to us this week by one of the directors of the organization. It's a honey. We mean, it really is good. It's a bit sketchy when it comes to details, there's a split infinitive here and there, and some dazzling system of capitalization is employed, but all in all and by and large it's quite a report.

The big kick is right at the end of it, but we'll hold that until the end of this.

The report goes on to tell what has been done in the matter of renovation, re-building, cleaning and general fitting up of the David Avenue Shelter in New Monterey, or thereabout. Actually much has been done there and Curtis deserves a medal for that. Then, he tells of the acquisition of the Marina Shelter, which is partly supported by the Monterey County board of supervisors because of its value in the matter of housing animals suspected of rabies.

As to finances, Curtis shows his talent for "approximates." Everything is approximate. The society owed "several hundred dollars for past bills" at the beginning of 1937, Curtis puts it. Then, during 1937 "allowances from the cities and collections for dog licenses and gifts" were "approximately \$5,500 of which about \$738 was spent in the purchase of equipment and about \$1,500 in major repairs and improvements."

As we would say it, "THE CYMBAL has approximately \$81 in the bank and is overdrawn about \$4.32."

But under the heading, "Humane Work," although Curtis herein resorts to more "approximates," "abouts" and "averages," he does give us to understand definitely that the Humane Society has accomplished much and is accomplishing more. A couple of paragraphs in this section read:

"Each month during 1937 we have placed in good homes an average of thirteen dogs per month. We have picked up and disposed of diseased, unwanted and injured dogs at the rate of about 130 dogs per month. We have placed cats and kittens at the rate of about four per month and have disposed of sick and unwanted cats and kittens at the rate of about 125 per month."

"As part of the humane work we have had very excellent cooperation from the P. G. & E. and the Telephone Company in rescuing animals from trees, telegraph poles, between buildings, and other places where they have unfortunately gotten themselves."

"We have been called on to pick up porcupines, skunks, goats, donkeys, ponies, sea gulls, sea lions, pelicans, canaries and even to chase mice out of bed rooms. We have been called out many times at night to drive horses or cattle from the county highways. We have investigated about 30 cruelty cases and corrected all that required attention."

"We have investigated all reported cases of dog poisoning on the Peninsula; have had bits of food that have been thrown to dogs chemically analyzed for poison. Have proved in a number of instances that the dogs and cats were poisoned by fish and not by other poisonous substances."

"We maintain two cars on call 24 hours a day for whatever emergency services may be required. We

have picked up and returned to their owners, dogs that have strayed from Carmel, Pacific Grove, New Monterey, and Monterey automobiles."

"We answer calls for people whose dogs are sick and who haven't the money for veterinary services. We have caused the release of dogs that were penned in too small quarters or chained with too short chains, together with a very wide variety of other services hard to enumerate."

"We have repeatedly answered calls about the care and feeding of animals, but when these involved sickness they are referred to some veterinary. We have checked up and taken care of all dog bites, in fact, do all humane work as needed at any time."

But it is under the heading "Payroll and Personnel" where we get hilarious. Look:

"James Kamm, David Avenue Shelter, \$100 per month and house. Leonard Martin, Marina Shelter, \$75 a month and house."

"James Bennett, collector and driver, \$60 a month and commission."

"Frank Wood, secretary-treasurer and accountant, \$7.50 a month."

"G. S. Curtis, total for everything, \$1.75 per month."

Don't you love that "total for everything," although Guy should have written it, "total for about everything, approximately \$1.74 per month."

We are promised, as "Section V" of the report: "New corporation to change the Monterey S.P. C.A. from the stockholder corporation to a membership corporation will be one of the very early 1938 activities."

Some guy, Guy.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

If you have a child in Sunset School you will probably be pleased to know that he, or she, and his classmates, in toto, can be emptied out of that school building in one minute and 46 seconds in case an emergency so required.

This was determined at a fire drill held Tuesday under the direction of Birney Adams, of the Carmel Fire Department. A new system was being tried out, but Adams considers the time very good under the circumstances.

In the office of the school there are now four unusually good pictures done by students in the Seventh and Eighth grades. These pictures are framed with narrow, light-colored wood, and instead of glass they have cellophane protecting them: Dorothy Nixon's painting of Point Lobos shows fine drawing and a very good selection of colors, while LeVerne D'Amaral's dragon is so gay and full of color that it would warm the heart of the meanest man in town. Panthea Ley has drawn a black horse that almost jumps right out of his frame, he is so full of movement, and Cornelia Bell has a picture of a delightful little deer.

Friends of Art Hilbert will be glad to get the authoritative report from Merle Hilbert, who happens to be married to him, that while he is still in the Peninsula Community Hospital he is well on the road to recovery following a major operation two weeks ago.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

In answer to a great number of feminine requests as to the identity of that interesting-looking gentleman who wears the *café-au-lait* coat: his name is Kinch Meltzer. He is an Old English sheep dog and has come here with his owners, the Robert Meltzers, to make his home.

He whimsically was named Kinch after the knife-blade in "Ulysses" because he was so unlike him.

Kinch adores kittens and has six of them at home. He says he has a perfectly grand time playing with them.

Yes, girls, he is a bachelor.

This fine, fair weather wrought havoc in the Sampson household last week when it gave Harlequin a very bad dose of Spring fever and lured him off in search of adventure.

The entire neighborhood was aroused and searched high and low for the runaway. It was hours before the prodigal was found, blocks away, and brought back to Mrs. Mabel Sampson, his very much worried owner.

Harlie's only comment was, "It sure was fun, but I guess I'll need a bath after that."

Michael Brown is getting a great kick out of showing off his cute little daughter, Tinsel, to the villagers.

The youngster has inherited her father's good looks and has a bit of her own on the side. Though she is still just a round-eyed baby, Tinsel certainly has charm.

Canis Minor Sears is one radio fan who takes his favorite program seriously. His favorite happened to be the one that advises its listeners to see their dentists at least twice a year. So that dazzling smile Canis was wearing the other day was the immediate result of his semi-annual visit to his dentist for a bit of cleaning and polishing.

There is one young out-of-towner who feels that Carmel's canine citizens don't always treat visitors right—he is Peter Sutter.

Peter was visiting his aunt, Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkle, and they had gone for a walk on the beach. They very soon were joined by a friendly black and white Springer spaniel who wanted to play with Peter. So Peter threw him a stick, but the spaniel wouldn't chase after it. Peter threw him another stick, but he wouldn't chase after that one, either. In desperation, Peter tossed his hat (a very nice city hat, too) and the spaniel dashed after it, picked it up and kept right on running as fast as his little legs could carry him. No amount of chasing, or shouting, or coaxing could induce the spaniel to drop the hat or return it. He just disappeared up on the road.

Peter wouldn't go back to Alameda until his aunt bought him a new hat, so Mrs. Ten Winkle is keeping an eye open for the hat bandit.

COMMENT:—

Those who enjoyed G. B. Stern's charmingly written fantasy, "The Dark Gentleman," will be delighted to hear that she is doing another dog story along the same lines. The new book is to be called "The Ugly Dachshund" and is coming out this Spring.

Irene Alexander Falls a Victim To New York Play Reviewers

Friends of Irene Alexander are going to feel badly for her because of the reviews of her play ("The Greatest Show on Earth") appearing in the New York Times and the New York Herald Tribune the past week.

THE CYMBAL received by telegraph and printed last week the introductory paragraph of the Times' review and we expressed the hope that the rest of the reviewer's criticism would not be any more severe than the beginning. But it was, or is. For instance, it's hard to believe that this statement of the Times' reviewer is justified, even though we have no personal knowledge of the play:

"Although it (the story) is logical enough, it is hardly sufficient for three acts of play-making, and some of it is as odious as anything seen or heard on Broadway this season. For the authors are not up to this sort of writing. They write their whimsies in a barren, pedestrian style, and their notion of humor would offend the good taste of a decent bear cub."

But the Herald Tribune reviewer,

Richard Watts, Jr., is not so harsh. He says:

"As a play 'The Greatest Show on Earth' is nothing to cheer about. It is quite possible to write an interesting and provocative drama about human beings in terms of animals, or vice versa, but Vincent Duffey and Irene Alexander haven't bothered with anything so important. They were merely interested in providing a dramatic novelty, a good theatrical side show and a sort of melodramatic frolic. Thanks to the imaginative costuming, some good staging and several amusing performances, they have succeeded, to a surprising extent, in devising an evening of amusing nonsense. Some of the episodes are repetitious; the scenes of the horses are extremely bad, and there is no denying the fact that after the novelty of the drama's device has worn off, the limitations of the work are pretty obvious. But by devising some fairly good melodramatic excitement and giving us, in the person of the evil snake, Mr. Slimy, the best villain of the year, they have kept the proceedings lively."

EDITH TWEEDY IS HONORED BY SCOUT LEADERS

Thirty leaders and council members were present at the dinner last Friday night at the Carmel Girl Scout House honoring Miss Edith Tweedy, new director of Girl Scouts on the Peninsula, and Mrs. Elizabeth Price, known as Petaga, nature advisor of California Girl Scouts.

Mrs. Rush Wallace was in charge of the supper arrangements, and the tables were attractively decorated with candles.

Mrs. Price gave a talk on the exceptional opportunities for nature study on the Peninsula, particularly in marine life, while Miss Tweedy told a little about her experiences during the summer at Camp Andre, the International Girl Scout Camp.

GARDEN CLUB MEMBERS VISIT MISSION

At the invitation of Father Michael O'Connell, the members of the Carmel Garden Club were conducted through the Mission and its grounds last Thursday. Following this the 21 guests were entertained with a luncheon at the Mission Ranch Club by Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper.

Hal Liljencrantz, from the dim distant hills around Hollister, spent the week-end on the Peninsula with his sister and brother-in-law, Eleanor and Bill Irwin. 'Tis said that Hal startled the natives by sitting on Charlie Van Riper's gate up the valley, and whilst chewing on a blade of grass, he extolled the beauties of a mountain peak which had lowered ten feet in the 11 years he had been sitting there. No wonder he startled the populace.

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YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1265. Business licenses, 261.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leditig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$33 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library-board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m. The meeting is open to the public.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carl Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Grayhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, A. M. 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P. M. 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 9:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel: A. M. 9:00, 11:20. P. M. 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Grayhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A. M. 7:50, 9:35. P. M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A. M. 9:00, 10:55. P. M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A. M. 8:55. P. M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A. M. 10:25, 11:15. P. M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

THINGS TO COME



MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Pat O'Brien, George Brent and Wayne Morris in "Submarine D-1" and Josephine Hutchinson and George Murphy in "Women Men Marry." Saturday, John Barrymore and John Howard in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" and Jane Withers in "Forty-five Fathers." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer in "Conquest." Wednesday, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in "Second Honeymoon." Thursday, Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in "Live, Love and Learn." Friday, John Boles, Jack Oakie and Ida Lupino in "Fight For Your Lady." Plymouth Night.

MEETINGS

Robert A. Brady will speak Tuesday, January 18, at 11:45 a.m. at Pine Inn on "The Consumer Organizes." Luncheon meeting of the Monterey County League of Women Voters.

P. T. A. MEETING

Miss Josephine Randall will speak Tuesday evening, January 18, at 8 o'clock in Sunset Auditorium on "Community Recreation and You." Clifford Nelson will show a picture entitled "Trail Song."

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at La Ribera Hotel, group readings of Shakespearean plays. Visitors and readers welcome.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" is now being read.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G. & E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Tonight, Sunday and Thursday at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Acting expression and technique. Dan James in charge.

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. W. W. Wheeler in charge. "Julius Caesar" is now being read.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

Wednesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Costume designing. Eleanor Irwin in charge.

Please use Monte Verde entrance to all Workshop meetings at Pine Inn.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mita's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Hal Garrett's "Squiffer" is being repeated due to many requests. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

ATTRACTIVE, TWO BEDROOM, LARGE LOT on La Loma Terrace, with unsurpassed view of Valley and Ocean. For quick sale, \$1000 less than cost. Betty Jean Newell. Real Estate Broker, 8th and Dolores. Phone Carmel 303. (2)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

LOST AND FOUND

FOLDING KODAK, black, in some store near the post office. A gift and much wanted. Will pay a reward. Tel. 1106-W. (2)

BROWN ALLIGATOR pocket book. Lady's. In or near post office. Finder may keep money. Tel. 1106-W. (2)

SMALL BLACK SUEDE bag with ivory ball fastener, lost at Ocean avenue and Dolores. Reward. P.O. Box 864 or Telephone 1215-W. (2)

LADY'S BLUE PURSE with initials, F.T.H. Tel. Carmel 137. (2)

FOUR KEYS in brown leather container lost. Reward if returned to Cymbal office.

Menu at Sunset Next Week

Week of January 17-21

Monday: Alphabet soup, candle salad, tomato stew, string beans, ice cream.

Tuesday: Cream of carrot soup, molded vegetable salad, tagliarini, artichokes, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Vegetable soup, apricot salad, lima beans, carrots, ice cream.

Thursday: Cream of tomato soup, fruit salad, beef stew, diced beets, chocolate pudding.

Friday: Bean soup, asparagus salad, fish patties, spinach, ice cream.

+ + +

DICK MASTEN APPEARS ON OUR AVENUE WITH A FUR-LINED OVERCOAT

Dick Masten, with a briefcase and—of all things—a fur-lined overcoat, on Ocean avenue, tense, nervous, eyeing the traffic, seeking conveyance. In gasps, he explains his mission. To find two pieces of manuscript, in a file, down at the Highlands house. Only he knew where it was, or could identify it. So the Streamliner down from San Francisco Tuesday morning, the Streamliner back again Tuesday afternoon. The overcoat was probably because of the weather he departed, certainly not that to which he came.

INVESTMENT PROPERTIES

Rentals • Sales • Insurance

CARMEL INVESTMENT CO.

BARNET J. SEGAL

OCEAN AVENUE NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE BUILDING Telephone Carmel 63

MEAGHER & CO.

OCEAN AVENUE CARMEL

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DRY GOODS

January Clearance Sale

SILK LINGERIE

\$1.00 to \$1.95 Values

\$1.95 to \$2.95 Values

Price 79c

Price \$1.59

WATCH OUR WINDOW FOR CLEARANCE SALE SPECIALS

Edward Weston Is Studied By Camera Club

The sharp type of photography, as illustrated by the work of Edward Weston who, by the way, had himself spread all over a couple of pages in a recent issue of *Life*, compared with the old diffused method, was studied by the members of the Carmel Camera Club at their meeting in Pine Inn last Tuesday evening.

From now on, the pictures exhibited at each meeting will have a sticker pasted on the back of them, and a special one will go to the prize-winner. The dues of the club have been set at 25¢ a month.

The assignment for the print at next month's meeting is an action photograph, and members are urged to bring their prints, as the possibility of a fine imposed on them for not doing so was discussed.

+ + +

White Caps On Radio Waves

KGO—Today from 12:45 to 1:30, Commonwealth Club. A lecture program of high standard by authoritative speakers.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning from 8 to 9 o'clock. New York Philharmonic Children's Concert.

KGO—Tomorrow morning from 10:55 to 2 o'clock. Grand opera from the Metropolitan Opera House.

KPO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8:30 o'clock, and also—

KGO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. New NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini, conducting.

KGO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10:30. Radio City Concert.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. University of Chicago Round Table. Interesting discussion on timely topics.

KSFO—Sunday morning from 11:30 to 12 noon. California Piano Quartet.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic. Georges Enesco, conducting.

KHUB—Sunday afternoon at 2. Symphony.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 2 to 2:30 o'clock. Metropolitan Opera auditions.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock. Columbia Workshop. Excellent dramatic program.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 6 to 7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

KSFO—Monday from 12 noon to 12:45. Coolidge String Quartet. Beethoven Series.

KGO—Monday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra.

KSFO—Tuesday afternoon from 4:30 to 5. Actor's Guild program.

KGO—Wednesday evening from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. "Busman's Holiday," a round table discussion of recognized western critics of the arts.

+ + +

Rich and Tal Lovejoy spent the week-end on the Peninsula, staying with Ed Rickitts. Rich is now doing the advertising on a paper in Sunnyvale, and at the same time writing a book. They were accompanied on the way back by Remo Scardigli, who came down from San Francisco for the week-end.

Dr. MacDougal Fools Around for Four Months and Gets Off Manuscript for Another Little Book to Cost \$4

Look at this man, MacDougal, now!

You've seen him coasting around the past four months in his cream-colored automobile, or dropping in and out of the post office, or, possibly, you have seen him on the road down the coast to find his way up into the mountains as far from human habitat as possible.

But while he has continued to be a familiar and picturesque figure on the streets and roads hereabout, he has been fooling around with some 110,000 words of a book. As a result of his four months' casual attention to this sort of thing, Elizabeth Montgomery, with her trusty typewriter, has put the 110,000 words into good manuscript shape and they have been dispatched to Leiden, Holland. They started last week, or maybe it was the week before.

And the Chronica Botanica Company (sounds like a disease) of Leiden took Dr. MacDougal's word for it that the thing was coming, because we have before us on our editorial table the "Spring Bulletin" of this company for 1938, and the first announcement on it is:

"Tree Growth," by Dr. D. T.

MacDougal. About 240 pages—7 guilders net.

Dr. MacDougal explained to us that seven guilders is about \$4, and on our suggestion that the darned book couldn't be worth that much, he replied: "Well, you know, a scientist knows how to flimflam as well as anybody else." Which we brand as only another one of the evidences that Dr. MacDougal talks a lot of hokum. The only person he ever flimflammed was Dr. MacDougal.

However, the Holland company is going to publish this book, whether or no, and in its announcement it says of the thing:

"A presentation of the results of physiological and ecological studies of growth of pines, spruces, firs, larches, redwoods, cypresses, oaks, ashes, willow, poplar and other trees, beginning with the contributions of R. Hartig and H. von Mohl, and including the extensive observations of the author during the last twenty years.

"Inception of growth, duration of seasonal activity of the cambium, correlation of growth in roots, trunks and buds, and relation of area of leaf-surface to volume of wood formed, receive comprehensive treatment."

CYMBAL office comes the news that the Hon. George Mercer-Nairn, son of Lady Astor, and a visitor on the Peninsula for the past few weeks, is engaged to Barbara Chase, of Santa Barbara, whose family has a ranch near Gilroy.

+

Prince and Princess Vasali Romanoff, from Beverly Hills, are spending a short time with Sidney Fish on their way north.

+

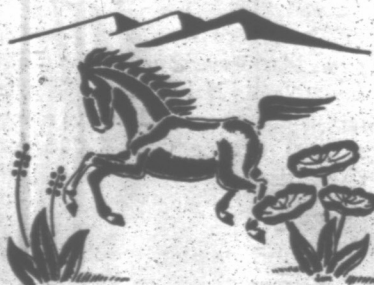
Mrs. Robert Fergusson entertained yesterday with a shower for Audrey Martin, whose engagement was announced to Lieut. Wilfred H. Tetley, U.S.A., last week by her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Calkins, of Pebble Beach.

+

George Black and Jack MacGowan, both students at Stanford University, spent last week-end in Carmel visiting their many friends here. Both being staunch sons of Erin, the town is still trying to recover from an Irish brogue fever.

De Loe's

CARMEL'S
newest
RESTAURANT



Smartest
Tap Room
+
BREAKFAST
LUNCH AND
DINNER

Mrs. Mina S. Aiken, who has been visiting her daughter, Miss Jean Aiken, at Sutton Place in Carmel since Thanksgiving, will return to her home at Santa Monica tomorrow.

+

Mary Campbell of Piedmont, frequent Carmel visitor, spent last week-end here as the house guest of Sue Brownell.

+

Mrs. Fenton Grigsby was hostess yesterday afternoon at Forest Lodge for two tables of bridge, followed by tea, at which they were joined by other guests.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Larry O'Connor (she is known to *Saturday Evening Post* readers as Barrett Willoughby) came down from their home in San Carlos to visit Don Blanding for a few days this past week.

+

Over the polo field and into THE

John Nyes Plan To Leave Soon For Arizona

A farewell party was given Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Askew for Mr. and Mrs. John L. Nye who are moving to Prescott, Arizona. Following an evening of bridge, refreshments were served and the Nyes were presented with a painting by M. De Neale Morgan. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Harber, Mr. and Mrs. William Askew, Mrs. Edna Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Funchess, the Rev. and Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Whitcomb, Dr. and Mrs. John Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Douglas, Miss Ethel Johnston, Mrs. Ida Burge, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Mylar, Mr.

and Mrs. Andrew Sessink, Mr. and Mrs. Orley Holm, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, Mrs. Susanne Rosh and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Watson.

+ + +

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For the Month of January
\$6.50

Rose Beauty Shop

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Whitney's

In the Heart of Carmel—
in more ways than one

BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER

and a delightful tap room

"WE
LIVE IN A
LIGHT
HOUSE"



A home in order to be properly lighted does not have to be ablaze with light. Modern Light-Saving light simply means providing the right amount of light and the right kind of light for seeing, comfort and beauty wherever eyes are used for work or play. You can make your home a house of Better Light for surprisingly little money. Why not try out Better Light in one room, with an L.E.S. Study Lamp in your child's bedroom? Remember good light today costs less than ever before.

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